



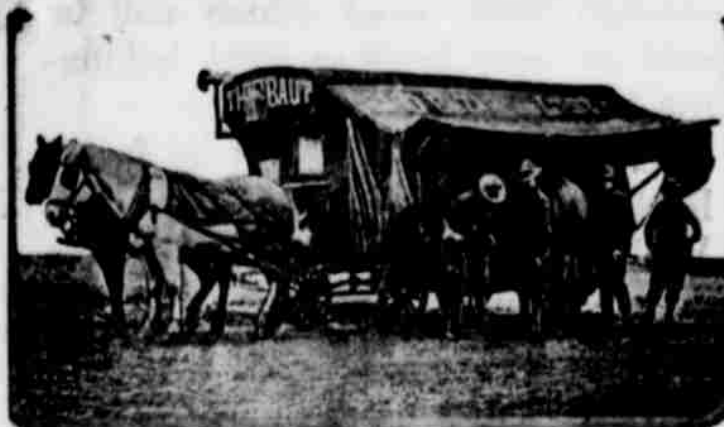
## Stomach Troubles Since Childhood PERUNA Made Me Well

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Mr. Wm. W. Everly, 3225 North Hancock Street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I have been troubled with stomach disorders since childhood, but after taking six bottles of your Peruna, I now enjoy the best of health. I also had catarrh in the head, which practically has disappeared, thanks to the Peruna Co. for their good work."

Those who object to liquid medicines can procure Peruna Tablets.

## PEDDLER VISITS AN AMERICAN CAMP



American soldiers buying odds and ends from a traveling peddler near their training camp in France.

### FEMALE SPY.

Madame Marie K. de Victoria, believed by officers of the Department of Justice to be one of the most active of Germany's agents in this country for the past year, was arrested at a fashionable Long Island hotel and taken to New York as a dangerous enemy alien.

For any itching skin trouble, piles, eczema, salt rheum, hives, itch, scald head, herpes, scabies, Doan's Ointment is highly recommended. 60c a box at all stores.

(Advertisement)

### INSURANCE AWAITS RELATIVES.

The Government is hunting the heirs of J. B. Huffman, a negro soldier, drafted from Bagdad, Ky., who died recently at Camp Zachary Taylor. The negro carried \$10,000 of Government life insurance, and a check for this amount is awaiting his relatives.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

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Pembroke, Ky., R. 2.

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We will sell you a farm in Christian and adjoining counties.

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We have several attractive farms in our hands for sale.

Can give possession of a very fine, well improved farm if sold quickly. Price reasonable.

265 acres 1 1/2 miles of Fairview on rural road. Well improved and well watered, about 70 acres of fine bottom land. A bargain at \$9,000.00. Terms reasonable.

200 acres 5 miles southwest of Hopkinsville on pike, well improved. All good tillable land, red clay foundation and lies well. Price \$65.00.

Office 1st Floor in Pennyroyal Building.

## Coalless Monday

By MARCIA MEREDITH

(Copyright, 1918, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Will you please get off the wire?" The voice, though young and feminine, was not entirely pleasant.

"I believe I took my receiver off first," came back good-naturedly. "I am trying to get the janitor. Are you the janitor's wife?"

"How ridiculous! Where is the elevator boy to answer the phone? I want the janitor."

A laugh came back through the telephone. "Everybody wants the janitor. The last I heard he had gone out to try and buy soft coal. I dare say you're in the same boat that I am—frozen to death in your apartment. You know it won't do any good to kick, but, like me, nothing else will keep you warm."

There was no answer. Freda Tilson's receiver slammed back on the hook that held it, and if she had been inclined to talk to herself in her little apartment she might have muttered something about an impertinent creature who dared to talk to a girl when he did not know her, and that she hadn't the most remote idea who it was. That would have been a fib, however, for she really did know that it was the young man who dwelt in bachelor state in the somewhat more spacious and luxurious apartment in front of her own, the greater luxury and higher rent of his apartment being due to the fact that while he managed to draw to himself a weekly check for \$75 for writing "thrillers" for a popular weekly, she pounded a typewriter somewhere in the "downtown" district to the tune of sixty a month.

To her, having an apartment of her own, with a little place she could call home, was a luxury that she had earned by much economy in the way of amusement and pretty clothes. His living there was put down to his New England origin, for Victor Paige was more of a miser than a spendthrift, and he would rather dine alone on the simple fare that his visiting colored housekeeper made for him than to spend many ducats in alluring restaurants. Now it happened that the typewriter that Freda Tilson pounded was located in the very office whither Victor Paige occasionally strolled to deliver his manuscript, and perhaps chin with the editor. Perhaps she felt a secret grievance, because, though she had noticed the coincidence that he frequented her office and also abode under the same roof, he had sought no excuse to speak to her as they passed in the halls going home or venturing forth. It does seem strange that Victor never sought the excuse, for Freda would have been good to speak to. And there was nothing repelling in her round blue eyes. But then, Victor came from New England.

As Freda performed the task of dusting and straightening up her little apartment, clad in the chin in a sweater and wearing gloves on her hands as she worked, she listened intently for a ring at her doorbell that would mean that the letter she was waiting for had come. When all chance of the delivery was over she descended to the entrance to make sure that the boy in attendance there had not failed to deliver it to her.

Strange that Victor Paige should have gone forth at the same time. He waited while she made her complaint. "In the first place," she said, "it is perfectly ridiculous that on the one day in the week when we have to be home, and when it would really seem that apartments and houses ought to have enough coal to make them comfortable, we should be made to suffer in this way. How I am ever going to write on my typewriter, with hands stiff from cold, is more than I can tell. It seems most extraordinary that my manuscripts did not come by the mail this morning. My office is closed, and it is absolutely necessary for me to typewrite some revised manuscript that the editor was sending by special delivery. Are you quite sure nothing has come for me?"

The dusky-skinned attendant nodded to the negative. "And is there no hope of any heat?" Again a negative nod.

"Well, then, the only thing for me to do is to go and get some oil. Thank goodness, I bought a stove."

Now it was Victor's turn. Having heard Freda's plaint and the unsatisfactory replies, he did not mention the frigid atmosphere that prevailed in his apartment as well as in hers.

"I say, Obadiah—beg pardon, I forgot your name was Hannibal—you haven't seen anything of a stray messenger boy with a typewriter, have you? Of course you haven't. But, you see, the place I usually dictate my copy is closed, and I was going to pound it out for myself today, so I sent for a typewriter. But I guess they had too many orders before mine. Well, if there's no hope for heat I'll have to burn oil."

And he returned to his rooms, calling the name of Dinah, who came every day at noon to keep house for him, blessed, because she had suggested to him that when steam heat failed the temperature could be improved by burning oil stoves.

The fact that fate had some deep design in choosing to have Victor Paige and Freda Tilson take apartments in the same house really might have been suspected when, a quarter of an hour later, another accidental

meeting occurred. It was at the corner grocery. Freda came hurrying in with the base of an old stove, her self-consciousness at having to carry this awkward burden only making her cheeks pinker and her eyes rounder.

"Please fill this with oil," she told the grocer's boy, and then blushed a little rosy as she realized that Victor Paige was standing at her elbow. He took his hat off, and then, when Freda averted her look he awkwardly waved his hat in the air and stroked the cat with the brim of it to try to convince himself that he had meant to take it off anyway, and that he was not a bit embarrassed by Freda's bluntness.

"We ain't got no oil—oil sold out," came from the grocer's boy, just as Victor Paige was inquiring of the grocer himself whether it happened that oil stoves were a part of his equipment. In the grocery store back in his New England home town he recalled that such trifling articles were always sold. And as the grocer assured him that the only places to get such things were the household furnishing stores, and they were all closed because it was coalless Monday, he confided to him. He knew the grocer didn't care, and he didn't care whether he did care, but he spoke in a loud, clear voice. Could it have been that it was for Freda's benefit?

"You see, the woman that keeps house for me suggested that if I bought some oil I could manage to keep warm, even when the steam was not up in the apartment, and I was such an ass as to forget that one really needed something to burn it in. I have a gallon of oil, but what good does that do?"

Freda did listen, and for just one moment she was tempted to tell her neighbor that between the two they might manage to get some sort of result. But she didn't tell him. She hurried home, walking faster and faster as she heard his footsteps behind her. He overtook her just as she reached the landing off which both their apartments opened, and would have spoken to her only that she closed the door rather unceremoniously in his face. She knew she had been rude, but for some unaccountable reason she took satisfaction in her heartlessness.

A half hour later, when Victor Paige answered a slight ring at his doorbell, he wore a skating cap, a bathrobe, an overcoat, hockey stockings and galoshes. He found Freda Tilson on the landing. She was very sorry to disturb him, she told him, but she had received word from the editor in the office where she worked that, because he had been unable to dispatch some copy for her to do at home, he would like her to put in the day taking dictation on the typewriter from Mr. Paige. Wasn't it funny that Mr. Paige happened to be connected with the same office? Did he wish to come into her apartment, or should she come into his? There was small choice; both were Arctic.

Ten minutes later Victor Paige, carrying an odoriferous gallon of kerosene, some ill-kempt notes on stray bits of paper, and a dish of apples—Victor could not write without apples for refreshment—went into Freda's small apartment. When lunch time came Freda had forgotten her resentment, and Victor, truth to tell, was as much in love with her as he had ever been with any girl.

"If I had some eggs I'd make an omelet and ask you to lunch," she said. Just a little timidly.

And although Victor knew that his Dinah was coming to make lunch in his apartment that day, he hurried to get some eggs that he was right in guessing she had left in his ice box. And so they lunched, and so they worked on through the afternoon.

"What's the use of resisting the inevitable," he said as she handed him the last page of his manuscript from her typewriter. "We can't either of us get along without the other. We would both have been miserable today alone."

"It does seem strange. Do you believe in fate?"

And apparently Victor did, for he was always sure it was fate that threw him and his wife together that coalless Monday.

High Cost of Patches. There is no economy in patches. You may have a frugal wife who persists in patching your trousers, but you always feel miserable and degraded in such garments. They make you feel like a thief, or like 30 cents in counterfeit money. You are forever trying to hide them from view. . . . I have worn them myself and I know how uneasy a man feels in good society when he expects each gust of wind to fan his coat tails aside, exposing his wife's needlework. Zim writes in Cartoons. A patch in the seat of your trousers, if it be accidentally exposed in public, will reduce your market value 90 1/2 per cent. If you cannot afford so sudden and enormous a decline in your stocks, and are not prepared to cover margins, you'd better accept a fool's advice and unload your holey belongings upon the ragman before your wife gets out her darning needle and patch bag.

Strenuous Reform. "Tommy, you mustn't play with that little Gruppins boy. His manners need mending."

"That's all right, ma. I'm working on his manners. If they don't improve in a day or two I lose my standing as the hardest hittin' kid in my block."

Feminine Finance. He—You must remember, dear, we are just starting out in life and we must economize.

She—But don't you think getting into debt is the best way? Then we'll have to economize.

## INSTITUTE

OF CHURCH WORKERS OF CHRISTIAN CHURCH MEETS HERE WEDNESDAY.

The Second District Institute of Christian Churches will meet in this city from May 1 to May 3.

The President is Dr. M. G. Buckner, of Owensboro, and Mrs. C. A. Cundiff, of this city, is Secretary.

### PROGRAM.

Wednesday Night, May 1.  
7:30-7:45 Praise Service.  
7:45-8:00 Devotional Message by President.  
8:00-8:15 Welcome Address by Lorenzo K. Wood.  
8:15-8:30 Response by Visitors.  
8:30-9:00 Address by E. L. Miley, "Our Task in This District."  
Thursday Morning, May 2.  
9:00-9:30 Conferences.  
9:45-10:00 Devotional.  
10:00-10:35 C. W. B. M. District Reports.

10:35-11:00 C. W. B. M. State Work, Mrs. W. C. Stanley.

### OFFERING.

11:00-11:30 "Our Church Program," E. L. Miley.  
11:30-12:00 "Bible School Problems," Horace Kingsbury.  
12:00-2:00 Lunch and Recreation.

### AFTERNOON SESSION.

2:00-2:20 "The Circles," Mrs. W. C. Stanley.  
2:20-2:30 C. W. B. M. Literature, Mrs. Mary Walden.  
2:30-3:30 Address and Conference on Christian Education, by Chancellor Homer W. Carpenter.

3:30-4:00 "K. C. B. S. A. Problems," Horace Kingsbury.

4:00-7:30 Supper and Recreation.

### Thursday Night, May 2.

7:30-8:15 Devotional and Widows and Orphans Home Period, J. S. Hilton and Children.

### OFFERING.

8:15-9:00 Address by E. B. Barnes, "The Whole Task of the Whole Church."

### Friday Morning, May 3.

9:00-9:30 Conference.  
9:45-10:00 Devotional.  
10:00-10:20 "The Boys and Girls," Mrs. Mary Walden.  
10:20-10:30 C. W. B. M. Home Department, Mrs. W. C. Stanley.  
10:30-11:00 "A Unanimous church," E. L. Miley.  
11:00-11:25 "Elements of Weakness and Elements of Strength in Our Bible Schools," Everett S. Smith.  
11:40-11:55 "Men and the Bible School," A. B. House.  
12:00-2:00 Lunch and Recreation.

### AFTERNOON SESSION.

2:00-3:00 Round Table Discussion, charge of E. L. Miley.  
3:00-3:30 Address by President, "Our Future Program."  
Closing Hymn and Benediction.

For baby's croup, Willie's cuts and bruises, mother's sore throat, Grandma's lameness—Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil—the household remedy. 30c and 60c. Advertisement.

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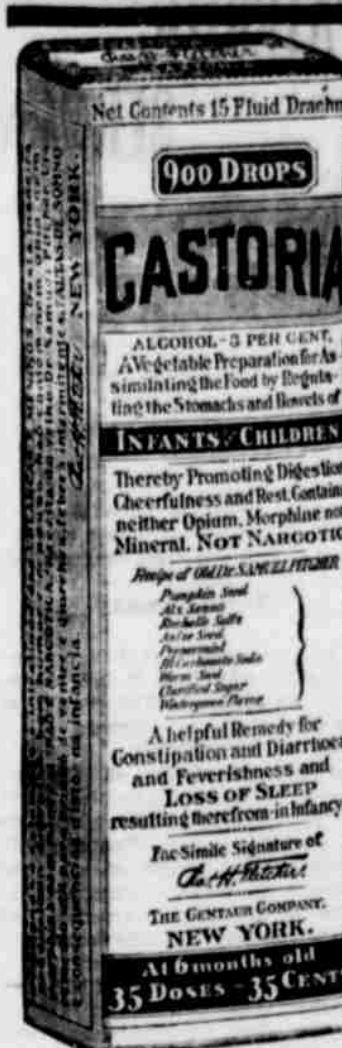
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At 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

## PUBLIC SALE

I WILL ON

Thursday, May 2,

On the premises known as the McCarty farm, two miles east of Gracey, Ky., and 8 miles from Hopkinsville, offer for sale at public auction, my LIVE STOCK, farming implements and machinery of all kinds used in the operation of a 700 acre farm.

Col. A. S. Tribble will be the auctioneer Sale at 10 a. m., rain or shine

Barbecue on the grounds.

Terms made known on day of sale.

**L. W. WATKINS**

HOT WEATHER

Suggestions:

Don't forget your screens. How about an oil stove? Will need an electric fan.

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